Volume LIX CHICAGO, JUNE 27, 1907 Number 17

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

A PETITION

THESE are the gifts I ask of thee,
Spirit serene:
Strength for the daily task;
Courage to face the road,
Good cheer to help me bear the
traveler's load.
And for the hours of rest that come between,
An inward joy in all things heard and seen.
These are the sins I fain
Would have thee take away:
Malice and cold disdain,
Hot anger, sullen hate,
Scorn of the lowly, envy of the great,
And discontent that casts a shadow gray
On all the brightness of the common day.

—*Henry Van Dyke.*

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UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

The Tower Hill Encampment and Summer School

JUNE 29—SEPTEMBER 18

Tower Hill is situated on the Wisconsin River. It is the summer residence of Jenkin Lloyd Jones and the restful retreat of some forty or more people who prefer rest to rush, spiritual comfort to excitement and style, communion with nature to "Summer Resort" delusion, fellowship with the birds and the trees to the turmoil of "society." Pure air, pure water, wooded acres, the wide, sweeping river, the flowers in nature's garden, the anthems and the hallelujahs of birds and beasts, all the glories of nature gladden the life, rest the mind, refresh the spirit, open the windows of the soul toward the mountain heights of life.

Tower Hill owns its own cows, affording an abundance of pure milk; cultivates its own garden, which yields a full variety of fresh vegetables.

THE SUMMER SCHOOL

JENKIN LLOYD JONES, CONDUCTOR

JULY 14—AUGUST 28

PROGRAMME

Sunday, July 14. Opening sermon in the Emerson Pavilion by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, "The Power of Poetry."

Daily except Saturday, 8:30 to 9:30 a. m. Nature studies and out-of-door work. Arranged by the president of the Summer School, T. R. Lloyd Jones, superintendent of schools, Wauwatosa, Wis., to whom apply for further particulars.

Studies in Religion

11:15-12:15 m. Fourth year work in the seven-year course in the study of religions. "The Blank Leaf Between the Old and New Testament"—the Hebrew religion meeting the classical world. The study will reach from Alexander the Great to Seneca and Epictetus and will consider the Apocryphal and other Jewish writings of the period. The list of books published below indicates the range of the lessons and the books that will be in the hands of Mr. Jones, the leader. A copy of the Apocrypha, Revised Version, is the only book that need be in the student's hands.

Poetry and Sociology

8 p. m. Lectures and readings in sociology, poetry, etc., Ruskin's "Time and Tide," Browning's "Balaustion's Adventure," with excursions into Whitman and current poetry.

"A Modern Symposium," by G. Lowes Dickinson; "Heretics," by Gilbert K. Chesterton; "Sex and Society," by W. I. Thomas; "The Church and the Changing Order," by Shailer Matthews; "The Religion of Ruskin," by William Burgess; "Three Acres and Liberty," by Bolton Hall. "The Turn of the Balance," Brand Whitlock.

Ministers' Retreat—August 4-9

The regular program will be suspended and the week will be spent in such free intercourse, communion and consultation as may be planned by the ministers and teachers in attendance. The informal program will be in charge of Rev. C. A. Osborne, secretary Congress of Religion.

Woman's Meeting—August 16-18

A Congress of Woman's Clubs will be held during the session of the Summer School, beginning Friday night and continuing to Sunday evening. Dates and program to be announced later. For further particulars enquire of the committee appointed by the very successful meeting of last year: Mrs. Clinton DeWitt, Platteville, Wis.; Miss L. E. Stearns, secretary of Wisconsin Free Library Association, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mrs. Richard Lloyd Jones, Hillside, Wis.

Afternoons and Saturdays will be free for resting, reading, riding, walking, at the pleasure of the individual.

Sunday Meetings

There will be three Sunday gatherings, viz.: Opening Sunday of the Summer School, the Ministers' Retreat Sunday and the Women's Congress Sunday, at which there will be speaking morning and afternoon, with dinner from baskets or in the dining hall.

READING LIST

The following list of reference books is printed for the benefit of students attending. Those starred are the most important. For further information inquire at the Lincoln Centre Shop, Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago.

The Course in Religion. Fourth year in the Seven Years' Course. The Hebrew Religion Meeting the Classical World; or, The Blank Leaf Between the Old and New Testament.

*The Apocrypha, revised version; 60c and $1.25.
*The Assumption of Moses. London. $2.50.
*The Apocalypse of Baruch. London. $2.50.
*The Book of Enoch. Andover. $1.50.
*The Book of the Secrets of Enoch. Oxford.
*Josephus.
*Philo, four vols. (Bohn Library.)
*Sibylline Oracles, translated by Milton S. Terry. (Methodist Book Concern.)
*Seneca, any edition.
*Epictetus, any edition.
*Farrar's "Seekers After God."
*The Blank Leaf Between the Old and New Testament; or, The Non-Biblical Jewish Writings; abstracts of class room talk; Jenkin Lloyd Jones. (Unity Publishing Company.) 25c.
*Churton's "Uncanonical and Apocryphal Scripture." London. Must be imported.
Bissell's Commentary on the Apocrypha, in the Lange series. (Scribner's.) $3.
Cheyne's "Jewish Religious Life After the Exile." (Putnam.) $1.50.
*Cornill's "History of the People of Israel." (Open Court.) $1.50.
*Montefiore's "Bible for Home Reading." Part II. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
Messages of the Later Prophets. Sanders & Kent. (Scribner's.) $1.25.
Any standard history of the Jews for this period.
Schurer's, 5 vols., $8; Greatz's, 6 vols., $9; Renan's, 5 vols., $7.50.
W. J. Deane's "Pseudepigrapha." (Rare.)
"The Bible for Learners," 2 vols.; $1.50 per vol.
Kuenen's "Religion of Israel." Vol. III.

Sociology.
John Ruskin's "Time and Tide." POETRY.
"Twenty-five Letters to a Working Man of Sunderland."
Robert Browning's Balaustion's Adventure.
Whitman's Poems.

TERMS

Room in Longhouse and board, $7 per week. Two occupying the same room, $6.00 each. Table board, $4.50 per week. Single meals, 25 cents. Transportation from Spring Green to Tower Hill, 50 cents; trunks, 50 cents; valises, 15 cents. Trip to Spring Green and return when the buckboard is going, 25 cents. Laundry on the grounds, reasonable rates. Board and care of horse, $10 per month. A few cottages are available for the season. Summer School registration fee, $5 for the entire period of five weeks; admits to all classes, lectures, etc.; family tickets, $7; by the week, $2; family tickets, $3.

Spring Green, the station by which Tower Hill is reached, is on the Prairie du Chien division of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad, thirty-five miles west of Madison and 218 miles from Chicago. Tower Hill is on the summer resort list and round trip tickets at reduced rates will be obtainable from Chicago from May 15 to October 15.

For board, cottages, etc., address

MRS. EDITH LACKERSTEEN

Abraham Lincoln Centre, Oakwood Boulevard and Langley Avenue, Chicago

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

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Morality says that occupations must be significant, not frivolous; must be health-giving, not health-taking; must be self-chosen, not imposed; must be educative, not deadening; must be sources of happiness and delight, not of mortal weariness and despair. If a man's occupation fail to be this, no matter what the wage or so-called profit, it is not a moral occupation; the man himself is not a moral person.
—*"The Children of Good Fortune," by C. Hanford Henderson.*

It is interesting to learn, through a recent bulletin issued by the circulation department of the New York Public Library, that Bolton Hall's "Three Acres and Liberty" is mentioned among the three books most in demand in the non-fiction list, which may be the straw that indicates that the current is flowing towards a return to the land. A second edition of the book was demanded within a month of its issue. When will this mad rush to the city and wild scramble for the top be abated, and men realize that peace and the prosperity that lasts is allied to the sweat and the independence of him who deals with the soil?

Chicago has a few things to be proud of. It has at least set the pace for the nation in the direction of juvenile courts, the municipal playground and the benignly socialized small parks. It also has its Judge Cleland of the municipal court who promises fair to set a new standard of jurisprudence in the inferior courts. Judge Cleland holds his court in one of the most congested districts. He conceives it to be his business not to execute a vindictive law but to ameliorate the conditions and to elevate the character of the criminals arraigned at his bar. The judicial opinion handed down last Sunday by this righteous judge in a Bible class talk is worthy of a place in the law books:

"When a prisoner is brought before me I investigate his case. If I think he can reform I exact a promise to give up drinking or nickel theaters or cigarettes or whatever has caused his downfall, impose the heaviest fine the law allows and suspend it during good behavior. Less than fifty out of 600 I have thus paroled have broken their promises."

This modern Daniel further expressed the judicial opinion that "the wealthy owners who take exorbitant rents for squalid tenements reeking with over-flowing garbage boxes, are more to blame than the accused tenants and they are the ones who ought to be locked up," and asserted his anxiety to execute the law in these directions. Judge Cleland is a man to watch and his decisions are to be commended to the students and professors in our law schools.

Now that President Hadley of Yale in his baccalaureate sermon last Sunday called attention to it, how obvious it is that lying is the most dangerous evil of our time. The liars that sell goods for what they are not and uphold fashions and styles by commending with words the thing condemned by judgment. Perhaps if President Hadley had pushed the probe to the bottom of the canker sore he would have found that the most insidious representatives of this disintegrating vice is the pious liar who in the pulpit mouths words which are not true to his fundamental convictions, invites his congregation to sing hymns, to read prayers and to say "amen" to doctrines they do not believe in, to creeds they do not endorse, to schemes for the promotion of righteousness in this world and the securing of salvation in the next which do not run parallel with their fundamental convictions. A few more such deliverances as that of Mr. Hadley, from men of such conspicuous influence as the president of Yale, will go far towards saving the country from its greatest menace, the liars in high places, the untruthfulness—not of the residents of the slums, who to a degree find a flavor of salvation in their horrible frankness, who at least escape the last debility of a make-believe—but from the residents of the boulevards, the leaders of society, the rooters and the hooters of the popular pastimes and the conventional sanctities.

Few people realize, even in Chicago, the beneficent work that is being done by and through the public schools of the city for the defective, the blind, the deaf and the crippled children. The public schools recognize the sanctity of the home and try to meet the pathetic wants of these children in and through their homes. Nothing in this line exceeds in beauty and efficiency the work done for crippled children, who are gathered in carryalls each school day at the city's expense. Strong-bodied policemen tenderly carry the little ones from their homes into the wagons and from the wagons into the school and back again. Miss Florence E. Prouty of the Fallon School, who perhaps has in charge the largest group of these children, is not only teacher, but friend, nurse, guardian and counselor. One of the extra-official blessings she represents is the carrying of a number of these crippled children out of their stuffy homes across the lake into the shady camp of Saugatuck, Michigan, where for some days at least these poor little fragments of humanity, broken bits of the human household—broken through no fault of their own, literally bask in the sunshine in a land flowing with milk and honey. Money for this outing comes entirely through the good will of friends and through Miss Prouty's activ-

ity. On a recent Sunday the Pastor of All Souls Church, Chicago, was asked to announce a benefit entertainment to be given in the interest of this outing fund for crippled children. The announcement was given but the Minister added in effect, "I do not want you to buy a ticket to this entertainment. Twenty-five cents lets you out altogether too cheaply, though you may go and enjoy the entertainment if it is worth while; but I think many of you will be glad to put into my hand something to help these unfortunates to a little fresh air." He told them the story of poor little Tommy who is lying on his face in the Cook County Hospital in a basement ward, with no appetite, who said, "This is prety tough, but I guess I can stand it till you take me to Saugatuck." After the benediction upwards of forty dollars were thrust into the hand of the Minister, which sum was re-enforced later by a check of a hundred dollars. That hand is still open. There are fifty or sixty little brothers and sisters of poor Tommy who know they have friends at the UNITY office and a home in the Abraham Lincoln Centre. Any dimes or dollars thrust into the editor's hand will be promptly converted into railroad tickets to take Miss Prouty's crippled children to Saugatuck.

"My Dear Father and Mother: I am leaving home because I am unhappy. I think I am a burden to my dear papa and mamma; you have too much to care for. I am a big, strong girl and can make my own way. I am very sorry I cannot remain to graduate with my classmates, but I could not do it and wear the dress that Mabel wore four years ago; they would simply laugh at me. I will not harm myself; I do not contemplate taking my life or anything of that nature. I am simply leaving because I think I am a burden. I will obtain work in some household and you will hear from me when I am able to send you some money. I want you to ever think of me as your loving and faithful daughter CARRIE."

The above is the pathetic letter which found its way into the Chicago papers last Monday. We print it as a contribution to the sociology of the school room. This girl, who is reported to be a bright pupil standing well up towards the head of her graduating class, could not face the artificial ignominy of an old dress on graduation day. Superintendent Cooley several days ago recognized the distressing situation. Carrie's is a typical case, well known to all thoughtful teachers. Mr. Cooley suggested the possible wisdom of an official decree that all girls in the graduating class of the public schools should wear calico, or perhaps better yet, that all graduates should wear the cap and gown and that the robes should be furnished at the city's expense or rented for a trifle. The Jewish Manual Training School has contributed to the discussion by showing how a graduating girl made her own dress at a cost of $1.87. This discussion is not trifling. The situation is not to be laughed away. The waste of time, money, common sense and modesty displayed, particularly at the lower graduations of grammar, high and other secondary schools, is the cause of increasing distress to the thoughtful. In vain have the public school authorities of Chicago tried to put their interdict on flowers, presents, carriages and the dance that follows, which is really "giddy," following the prolonged strain of examinations, preparations and graduations, simply because of the silly mothers and the careless fathers who mistake indulgence for kindness and make parental pride an excuse for parental weakness. The remedy must come from the saner teachers; a higher pedagogy must correct the evils of school life. The girl who figures in a school graduation in a dress that bespeaks thoughtlessness as to the weary fingers and tired eyes involved in the labored "Creation" is an arraignment of the curriculum; some important studies were left out. In the higher institutions of learning sociology and all economics connected therewith are receiving the large degree of attention which they deserve. The most pressing problem of our normal schools to-day is how to adapt sociology and agronomy to the grammar, country, high school and academic classes.

An Unitarian University

The *Saturday Evening Post* for June 22 contains a notable article which is the first of what promises to be a remarkable series of college studies, under the general title of "Which College for the Boy?" by John Corbin. The first article is devoted to the Wisconsin State University, which is characterized as "the utilitarian university." The writer has crowded into three pages an amount of information and discriminating analysis which is possible only for a trained mind furnished with much careful research on the ground. He tells of the pitiable waste of its earlier resources by the short-sighted gradgrind legislators on the one hand and the hustling, selfish politicians on the other. But he shows also how Wisconsin has profited by its mistakes and by steady, quiet strokes of wisdom, both within and without, the University has forged to the front, until now it stands among the foremost of state institutions; it was placed, by the Mosely Educational Commission of Great Britain a few years ago, among the five leading institutions of learning in our country, the others being Harvard, Cornell, Michigan and California Universities; and in some respects the name of the Wisconsin University led all the rest because of its "sane industrial and progressive quality, knitting the professions and labors, making the fine arts and the anvil one."

It is not our purpose to render the reading of this article unnecessary but rather to call attention to the whole series which, judged by the initial number, will be of exceeding value to parents and ministers as well as to college men. We think we read between the lines of this article further evidence that the hope of democracy, which is the hope of education, must increasingly lie with the state institutions; in the state institutions the bone and sinew of the nation is to be developed, in the future as in the past, from the struggling middle class, from the meagerly favored sons and daughters of the farmer and the mechanic.

In this article we learn that only a little more than

300 of the men students "find agreeable and profitable life in fraternity houses." The 2,000 other young men must hustle and struggle to meet their expenses as best they can in clubs and private houses, with varying degrees of economy. The future glory of Wisconsin and the power of its University undoubtedly lies with the 2,000 who have neither time nor money to invest in the secondary enthusiasms and luxuries of the fraternities and athletic combines. In Wisconsin there is no co-education problem, it is solved; the women are there to stay. In Wisconsin, to a degree, the struggle between the classics and the technical courses has been settled; both are there to stay, with perhaps an increasing tendency, maybe over-tendency to the utilities. Wisconsin, like the other Universities, has had its football troubles, its athletic insanities, but beyond the references of this article we happen to know that there is a sane reaction that is persistent and aggressive in the faculty and in the regency.

Wisconsin's academic achievements are already world-famous. The Babcock Test that has made co-operative dairying possible all over the world; the thawing of frozen pipes without digging them up, by electrolysis; how to successfully wage the battle against smuts and rusts in grain, the potato rot and the grape mildew, are mentioned among its conspicuous achievements. But above all these we trust will be the greater triumphs over aristocracy, snobbery, caste-feeling, religious sectarianism and political partisanship, which the Wisconsin University, in connection with other institutions of learning, "of the people, for the people and by the people" most achieve. The hope of the world as well as the glory of the United States must ever stay with its public schools, which today are doing not only the largest but probably, all things considered, the best work in education that the sun shines upon. To adapt a phrase ascribed to President Van Hise, the tireless head of the Wisconsin University, education everywhere as well as in the universities of America, had better "hang by the whiskers of honest farmers than by the coat tails of predatory plutocrats." Public education and undogmatic churches are the hope of democracy, and they will not disappoint those who put their trust in them.

A New Trinity

Dr. Brown, of Union Theological Seminary, comes bravely to the front with a reconstructed Trinity. As we understand his proposition, it is a point blank refusal to accept of any definition of the Trinity which has heretofore held with the orthodox churches. He does not hesitate to assert that all the old forms of the doctrine have become untenable; that it is no longer possible for the Trinity to hold a substantial place in modern thinking, and that orthodoxy has so far outlived it that the evangelical churches have forgotten the triune interpretation. In fact the Trinity has passed out of pulpit teaching, and has become a mere survival of the unfittest in the creed. What is, however, more serious, is the fact that the old doctrine, in its creed setting, still serves to dissociate natural allies. He therefore frankly asks the Unitarians to form a closer alliance with Trinitarians in church work. He wants a bond of fellowship between the Martineaus and Channings on the one side and the men of progress on the orthodox side. He thinks that there is no substantial difference between them.

After explaining away, or brushing away, the Nicene and Athanasian creeds, and the later Hegelian exposition of the Trinity, he undertakes a readjustment of the doctrine to modern consciousness. He says, "The confession of Jesus Christ as Lord is only the highest utterance of an insight, which has always been given to men in a greater or less degree, and which is possible only through such divine indwelling. And so we add to our confession of the Father and the Son, the confession of the divine Spirit, who spake through the prophets, and who speaks in us today." A Holy Spirit of this sort will find acceptance in every spiritual mind. We have plainly done with any assertion of a triune being. The Trinity becomes a simply trifold expression of the Infinite One. Prof. Brown declares that his Trinity is the only one that finds place in modern thought. He might add that it is the only one that finds place in modern arithmetic. It does not differ essentially from Channingism, either in spirit or in letter.

Taken in connection with the widespread determination of German theologians to get rid of the Apostles' creed, we consider this movement on the part of our American theologians to be very significant. Unitarians have been expecting this confession. They would have gladly yielded some points at issue, for the sake of Christian fellowship and religious achievement, could they have done so. But the simple fact was that Channing the man of insight, and Martineau the constructive genius of the nineteenth century, were ahead of their age—ahead of the church also, and it became necessary that they should be overtaken by the common inspiration of later times. That they are being overtaken so speedily is not surprising. Martineau will soon be read by all parties as the St. Augustine of modern times.

We have not been among those who have cared for a strained toleration, nor for a fellowship over real boundaries. Christian union that consists in kindness is well enough; but what we are now looking forward of us all, not merely friends that endure each other, but brothers that partake with each other. Nothing can more completely prevent us from finding God as our Life, or the life and soul of all the universe, so bringing us into a substantial union, than a metaphysical interpretation of his Being, as wholly out of the natural, and solely supernatural. Dr. Bierer, in his to is a vision of God as the indwelling Father, making recent volume on The Evolution of Religions, says surely and truly that no doctrine has done so much to make Christians aliens and strangers, if not enemies as the doctrine of the Trinity. Ian Maclaren would

bring us all together, in the fold of a common family, by dropping the doctrine altogether. His Trinity is found in the creed, "I believe in the fatherhood of God; in the words of Jesus; in the pure heart. I believe in the service of love; and I promise to trust God and follow Christ—to forgive my enemies and seek after the rightness of God." All around the horizon breaks the day of a nobler human fellowship, and a substantial unity undisturbed by the metaphysics of Orientalism. E. P. POWELL.

THE BOOK TABLE

Notes

The second volume of "The Apples of New York State" comes to me as a report from the Agricultural Experiment Station of the State. If anyone wishes to know what our experiment stations can do for the people here is the reply. These two volumes give us an up-to-date history, as well as description, of several hundred varieties of the best known apples—by the way, there are now at least 600 varieties of apples catalogued in America. The editors have been able to give a very good popular report, with some errors, and a few statements that need supplementing. One of the curious things is that we are coming to a time when apples produce their own from seed. There is very much less variation than formerly. But do not let anybody get fooled with the seedless apple. An apple without seeds is simply an apple at the end of evolution. It can never produce anything better than itself.

I have from the Macmillan Company "A Summary of Socialistic Principles," entitled "Socialism," by John Spargo. The trouble is that socialism means almost everything. It is not only an undefined term, but undefinable. Our public school system is socialism of the rankest kind. Our postoffice system is a mixture of socialism and individualism. Our road system is socialistic so far as the dirt highways go, and capitalistic so far as other roads are concerned. When we talk about socialism as a growing social factor, we may mean a simple expansion of the idea and its rational application under the law of experience, or we may mean a total plunge into a governmental communism, as old as Pharaoh and Nebuchadnezzar. Mr. Spargo owns up that the socialistic theory, which asserts that under the present theory the big fish swallow the little ones, is not certainly true of agriculture and farming. The facts are that small farmers are rapidly on the increase, and there is no sign anywhere of our being swallowed up by anything or anybody. It was undertaken about thirty or forty years ago, but Jonah got out on dry land without difficulty. We are quite sure that we are to accept an increased application of the social idea, but we are quite confident and hopeful that it will not be a general revolution—and yet in one sense the writer is a socialist.

Those who are interested in the confab between Mr. Long, on the one side, and Burroughs, with President Roosevelt, on the other, will do well to get Mr. Long's last book, "The Briar Patch Philosophy." It is one of the shrewdest, as well as one of the most just, manly, and, from a literary standpoint, most charming books of controversy I have ever read. My children read it and clap their hands. He handles President Roosevelt and John Burroughs without gloves; but he does it with the jiu-jitsu that leaves them way over the hedge. Mr. Burroughs is unwilling that anybody should see what he cannot see, or smell what fails to reach his olfactory nerves. President Roosevelt, unfortunately, is a hunter and not a naturalist. Why he should meddle with problems in botany and entomology is hard to explain—only, perhaps, he cannot help it.

From *Scribner's* I get something very fine; it is "The Military Memoirs of a Confederate," by General E. P. Alexander. General Alexander was a Georgian, and he undertakes in this volume an honest report of the Civil War as he saw it. He criticises each campaign as one would criticise a game of chess, and he succeeds in doing it with absolute fairness all around. He is not afraid to speak his mind about Jackson, and he has no curses for President Davis. I think it altogether the most readable and satisfactory history of the Civil War that I have yet seen. He frankly gives up the "cause," allowing that, had the Confederates succeeded, it would have been the ruin of the whole American people—creating at the best a whole bunch of confederacies, to cover the continent—in place of the "freest nation on earth." The book is neither too technical and military in its style nor is it too popular. It is a thorough success from a literary and from an historical standpoint.

If you want something right down good, a bit of the most genuine history, written in the spirit of Tom Hughes, get the *Atlantic* and read "The Spirit of Old West Point," by General Schaff. This is incomparably the finest thing of the sort ever produced in America. It is brim full of sweetness, as well as truth. It is fascinating as a story; it is charming as a literary production; it is invaluable as history. E. P. POWELL.

A History of New England Theology*

Here is a book that should be in the hands of every pastor who wishes an intelligent understanding of theological history in this country. It is a volume of 568 pages, with a suggestive table of contents and a minute index. The pages open invitingly. The print is easy reading in the evening; that of the quotations finer and easily distinguished. For the most part the distribution of matter is admirable. The reader is made conscious of changes as they come; the distinctive elements are brought out clearly, and a resume here and there contributes to the holding of the complex controversial matter in firm grasp.

The author has been a professor of church history.

* A Genetic History of New England Theology, by Frank Hugh Foster, 8 vo.; 568 pp.; $2.50. University of Chicago Press.

This work is a labor of years. He has had access to original sources. His pages are thickly studded with quotations. Indeed, his aim has been not only to "secure thereby the true objectivity of the report," but to give "an acquaintance at first hand, though brief, with these pioneers and fathers of our theology." Footnotes, in abundance, familiarize the reader with authors' names and titles of works which bring out the fertility of the times in theologic thought. The gems of biographic statement, also, freely scattered by the way, throw in their warmth and vital glow, and bring abstract discussion down to the same earth where modern discussions are taking place.

The work is also a labor of love. The author is a descendant of Puritan and Pilgrim, baptized in one of the oldest Massachusetts churches, a graduate of Harvard, a pupil of Edwards A. Park. He began "this history with the feeling of the warmest appreciation of our New England fathers and a conviction that they had originated a school destined to the exercise of a long-extended influence." "With the progress of the work," he says, "my point of view and my feeling have changed together." The final review of the whole period made him a critic, disclosed to him the fact, long hidden from him, why strong reaction set in against this theology about 1880. He ceased to become an adherent; but he still felt the importance to an American theological scholar of making himself familiar with this greatest indigenous school of American theology. His reverence leads him to be fair in statement of positions; the advantage of his retrospective view, flooded as it is with modern light, enables him to see tendencies, action and reaction, the comparative weakness and strength of shifting positions, contributions which were really additions and those which simply repeated with a little different phraseology and emphasis.

"The selection of material has been determined by the purpose to write a genetic history." The more one consults the pages, on a second or third reading of particular portions which the close student marks with his pencil, the more this purpose is in evidence. Jonathan Edwards is the fountain head, forth from which flow two branching streams. Bellamy, Edwards the Younger, Smalley, Dwight, Taylor, Beecher and Tyler represent the stream which came to be known as the New Haven theology; while Hopkins, Emmons, Woods and Park stand for thinking which came to find its home in Andover.

Chapter first gives a vivid sketch of the "First Century in New England," with Old Calvinism facing frontier conditions, where the spirit of free thinking, common sense and protest began to stir itself, and where the temptations of the new life made great inroad on the morals of the community. The Half-way Covenant is shown to be a compromise in its attempt to hold within the church those whose hearts were in the world. It is at this juncture, when Jonathan Edwards appears, stoutly opposed to the compromise, first as a preacher, then as a master of theology. The next three chapters are given to a careful, discriminating discussion of his intellectual powers, his labors in pulpit and in press, his theological strength and weaknesses. The next three chapters are devoted to Edwards' "Contemporaries and Co-laborers": Bellamy, whose theory of Atonement makes a transfer to the Grotian standpoint, who believes that "sin is the necessary means of the greatest good," and yet who insists that man has the ability to repent; Hopkins, who identifies sin with selfishness, and who affirms "it is not for the glory of God that all should be saved" and that a Christian should be willing to be damned if it were for the glory of God.

The next four chapters deal with "The Developing School" and "The Great Controversies." Under "Eschatology and Atonement" he gives the views of Edwards the Younger, John Murray, West, Chauncy, Burge, Taylor, Finney. Under "The Development of the Theory of the Will" he gives Edwards' theory of determinism, shows how free minds chafed under it, and how Burton introduced a new epoch by making a three-fold division of the faculties of the mind; then how N. W. Taylor, Finney and Samuel Harris carried it to a finish. Over fifty pages are given to the Unitarian and Universalist controversies. On the whole the author gives a fine presentation of Channing in his contest with Moses Stuart, and concludes that the latter failed in answering the sharp demand of Unitarianism for an intellectual justification of the doctrine of the person of Christ.

The twelfth chapter, somewhat in review, is given to Systems of Theology, 1800 to 1840. Then, under the head of "Ripened Product," he gives vivid chapters to N. W. Taylor, Horace Bushnell, New School Presbyterianism, The Oberlin Theology and Edwards A. Park. Taylor he calls "the most original, powerful and widely influential mind which New England theology ever possessed." While the author seems a little chary of giving Bushnell his full credit, for he denies that he belongs to the creative forces of New England theology, he afterwards makes amends by saying his theology was one of life and power, that "he forged into new regions and made discoveries," that he emphasized and put in commanding place the idea, "systems are to be revivified and in a sense remade by every generation for itself." It is very evident that Park was, formerly at least, the theological idol of the author's heart. He declares him to be the "ripest fruit of New England," and that "his theology summed up in the most perfect form the long line of her theological discoveries and ratiocinations." Park's distinction between natural and revealed religion, his rational method of proof, his emphasis upon the religious as distinguished from the historic and scientific teaching of the Bible, and his view of the "essential Christ" prepared the way for "The New Theology." "The forces wrapped up in both higher criticism and evolution, of which the one is merely the form of the other, did not fully reveal themselves till just about the time when Park's public labors ceased."

Evanston, Ill. BENJ. F. GREEN.

A Case in Literary Ethics

In the last issue of UNITY there appeared an article written mainly by the Confirmation Class of All Souls Church, Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, but which I had the honor of signing in consequence of a few reflections and connectives more or less judiciously interspersed. One at least of the former would appear to have been less so, in the light of the gentle reproof administered through the next mail by our always faithful friend and critic, William C. Gannett, of Rochester, who writes in substance as follows:

Looking over UNITY, just come, I see you attribute the motto "No good thing is failure, no evil thing success," to me. Take it right back—*quick! quicker!* It is, always has been, and always will be, Samuel Longfellow's,—the last sentence of his sermon at the dedication of the Second Church in Brooklyn,—his church at that time, then John Chadwick's, now Dutton's. I have it from Joseph May, who wrote Samuel Longfellow's life, and who, in a letter to me about the motto,

quotes the original as having this form: "So that no evil thing is success, and no good thing is failure, seem things as they may." I may have swung around the clauses for musical effect, but do not know that I did even this. I've a dim idea that when J. Ll. J. [Jenkin Lloyd Jones] took the motto for his church mantelpiece we talked it over together, and perhaps then made that much change. Please print the substance of this and give S. L. his own. I did not know that anybody thought it mine, though as I used it without quotation marks in my hymn about the "Crowning Day," no wonder. Perhaps I thought that as I used but part of it and that in the changed order it would hardly do to quote it.

Now, I must admit that I had the facts in mind substantially as stated by Mr. Gannett at the very time of giving him the false credit. I can only plead in extenuation what I have come to consider as a rather obvious principle, viz: that it is the province of quotation marks and credits to relate rather to form than substance, for who can discover the genesis of a thought? Had I attributed the lines to the elder poet I should no doubt have been held to as strict an accounting by the "gentle wraith" of Samuel Longfellow, who might have contended with equal justice that Mr. Gannett, in giving the noble thought a nimble turn and the elusive lyric touch which it needed to make it immortal, is entitled to fully half the credit. For he, like Mr. Gannett, though unlike too many notable contendants in the literary world of today, would beyond a doubt be chiefly concerned with the rights of the other man.

At this point the Senior Editor bore down upon the situation with still another contribution to its complexity. He recalled the fact that in our "Unity Songs and Services," compiled by Rev. J. Vila Blake, we have still another version, from which our sermon motto differs only by the omission of an "and"; and he remembers, moreover, that when Mr. Blake was questioned as to its origin he replied that it belonged to Samuel Longfellow but that he was unable to locate it.

But, "however things may seem," UNITY is always glad to print the facts on every side of every worthy question, in the hope that truth and the lovers of truth may alike be served and satisfied.

EVELYN H. WALKER.

Ethics of War at Jamestown

The "Warpath" is the name which the Jamestown Exposition people give to their popular entertainment promenade, which at the Chicago Exposition was called the "Plaisance," and at St. Louis the "Pike." The March number of their official organ, the Jamestown *Magazine,* was a special "Warpath" edition. The April number, just issued, contains further contributions to the extraordinary military literature of the exposition. The most ebullient of these articles is entitled "Echoes of Wars"; and the following paragraphs are worth reading, at this time of peace congresses and The Hague conferences, as a sample of the sort of thing prepared for American delectation this summer at an international exposition:

"Both arms of our service, the Naval and Military, will keep open house for seven months on the exposition grounds. Know you what this means? Would you see the choicest battleships, cruisers, torpedo boats, etc., of the Nations of the World swinging at anchor or passing in review in battle array on the bosom of Hampton Roads in front of the Jamestown Exposition, from whence echoes from the Merrimac and Monitor were heard in every clime?

"Would you see this greatest of Armadas bedecked in its holiday attire in honor of the arrival of an Admiral Togo, and listen to the reverberations of its thundering, earth-shaking welcome? Would you behold the awe-inspiring grandeur of an hundred shafts from brilliant searchlights piercing the clouds while vari-colored lights from ships' bridges wig-wag their silent messages? Then come to the Jamestown Exposition.

"Would you see the pick of the world's fighters on foot, in saddle and on caisson? Would you hear the hoof beat of cavalry, the clash of sabre, the thundering of artillery rushing into action, the tramp, tramp, tramp of deploying thousands in support of the van, the shrieking of fifes and the rolling of drums, the fluttering of colors, the thrill of bugle calls? Then come to the Jamestown Exposition."

Not a few people in the country who have sent their protests to the directors of the Jamestown Exposition against the gross military extravagance of their programme have received replies expressing their hope that the great military and naval display might make for peace, by bringing home to people the awful cost of these great armaments. Nothing could be more disingenuous. The above paragraphs, like the great mass of similar writing which has filled the exposition's bulletins for the last six months, are not an invitation to people to come and witness a warning or take medicine; it is the baldest and most vulgar appeal to the passion which the unthinking populace have for "the splendors of war," for sheer advertising purposes. The whole proceeding is a most shameless one; and all sober American citizens have reason to be humiliated at the turn which has been given for the first time and on our soil to an international exposition.—*From the Boston Advertiser.*

Professor Starr Honored

Friends of Frederick Starr will be pleased to know that Lafayette College, Easton, Pennsylvania, has honored him with the degree of Doctor of Science (Sc. D.). The degree was given on June 19, on the occasion of the celebration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of the College. At the same celebration the degree of LL.D. was conferred upon Gov. Hughes of New York and Gov. Stuart of Pennsylvania, that of D.D. upon the Rev. William H. Roberts, Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in America, and that of Lit. D. upon Prof. Hugo Munsterberg of Harvard. Prof. Starr received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, upon examination, from the same college in 1885.

Charles Francis Adams was escorting an English friend about Boston. They were viewing the different objects of attraction, and finally came to Bunker Hill. They stood looking at the splendid monument, when Adams remarked:

"This is the place, sir, where Warren fell."

"Ah!" replied the Englishman, evidently not very familiar with American history. "Was he seriously hurt by his fall?"

Mr. Adams looked at his friend. "Hurt!" said he, "he was killed, sir."

"Ah, indeed," the Englishman replied, still eying the monument and commencing to compute its height in his own mind. "Well, I should think he might have been—falling so far."

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION

Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?

REV. C. A. OSBORNE, Secretary.

To whom all contributions for this Department should be sent.

The Report of the Secretary*

In submitting a report for the thirteenth year of the Congress there are three aspects or phases of our work which seem to have special relation to future needs and opportunities. Inevitably the financial problem is of primary importance because a failure to solve it will render all other hopes futile; moreover it has been recognized on all hands that the chief difficulty, in an organization which is confessedly without a definite constituency and is seeking to cross all denominational lines while refusing to identify itself with either the conservative or radical, the Jewish or so-called Christian sects—is the obvious problem of finding sufficient financial support to maintain its work and justify its mission and its value in the world. The Congress of Religion is not an organization of societies upon which it may depend for its support, but is a fellowship of individuals in a dozen different denominations who already have family burdens enough within their own sectarian lines. The peculiar fact must also be faced that the majority of religious denominations are conservative, so that an organization thoroughly representative of all would be predominatingly of that type in both officials and membership, while the natural condition is that only the man or the woman who is free from sectarian bias and partisan exclusiveness is able to appreciate the work we are trying to do to the extent of contributing generously to its ongoing. In other words, the field of our work is predominatingly orthodox—as the term is commonly used, while the sources of our income are overwhelmingly heterodox! Accepting the suggestion of the Directors, I have sought to cultivate the conservative alliances as the important field of our work, or the field at any rate which especially needed cultivation, while our financial support has come almost entirely from more liberal sources. I have been obedient to the text properly revised "They that are whole need not a physician, but those who are sick"—but those who are well must pay the bill.

The treasurer's report will be given in detail, but permit me to refer to some interesting facts. We have failed to receive this year something like $1,200 from certain friends who contributed that amount to our last year's income. This shrinkage does not mean that we have lost these friends, for most of them are still giving generously and all of them now living are apparently deeply interested in our work only they are not able to do as much as before. Nevertheless a shrinkage of about half our last year's income would seem almost fatal. We have, however, found some new friends and the deficit for the year is only a little over $200 at present and I have received encouraging promises which may eliminate this deficit entirely if we hold our books open a little longer. The financial problem is neither solved nor unsolvable.

The second aspect of the work may be quickly disposed of for the "annals of the poor" are usually brief. The report of our achievements last year is a short one, partly at least, I frankly admit, because I have not learned how to make our meetings pay for themselves, and while I was personally carrying the expense I did not feel justified in mortgaging the future very largely. With the exception of the secretary's salary (which was sometimes $500 in arrears) all bills have been paid when due. Coming to a few details, our postage bill shows that some three thousand Congress letters have gone out from my desk on the Congress letter head, besides one cent circular literature; and an interesting fact is that nearly as many more letters have been written on the UNITY letter head at no expense to the Congress, other than the time employed.

In this connection it is proper to say that a good deal of the time of the Congress secretary and stenographer has been expended on UNITY, not only as an adequate return for the very valuable service UNITY renders, in publishing and circulating Congress addresses and reports without charge or expense to the Congress, but also because it has seemed manifest that by these means and through this medium the Congress spirit could be best inculcated and a Congress constituency most easily developed. If there were means or occasion to do so reference might be made to the always generous and absolutely indispensable services of the Senior Editor of UNITY in these relations as well as on the Congress programs.

Something of a systematic canvass has been made of different fields, particularly in the states of Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin and Minnesota, by working through the ministers of different denominations. Sample copies of UNITY containing marked articles have been sent generously and other Congress literature has been supplemented by personal letters. The work which has really made a showing was represented in the three meetings held at Ann Arbor, Mich., Madison, Wis., and Minneapolis, Minn., all of whose programs were vital and constructive, spiritual and helpful, while frankly hospitable to all creeds and all thinkers. From seven to ten denominations were represented and always the conservative and the radical, the Jew and the Christian, and sometimes the Catholic as well as the Protestant were given places on the program. In each case a representative local committee was induced to co-operate and after due discussion, the conference appointed a state committee of one man from each denomination to arrange for future meetings with a view of organizing a state Conference of Religion in affiliation with the Congress. I have good reason for believing that these three representative state committees will secure three state organizations in affiliation with us. I may add that a meeting originally planned for Illinois this spring was necessarily given up for the time but an Illinois Meeting will be held at Lithia Springs Chautauqua, August 24th to 26th. Aside from some addresses by the secretary in different places most of the other work done has been below the surface though it has neither appeared unnecessary nor futile.

The third aspect of our work is the question of the mission and the message of the Congress and in this presence little need be said along that line. I confess frankly it is only within the last six months that I have personally become sure the Congress had a gospel to preach and a mission in the world for which any man could afford to die if need be and certainly a mission worthy any life. I will not attempt to express that message now or to delineate the mission which I think is the exclusive possession of the Congress of Religion, but in brief it includes four things.

1. The dissipation of sectarian doubt and distrust, occasioned by lack of knowledge, through the culture of acquaintance and fellowship. Men of other "isms" than ours are better than we know.

2. The assertion and demonstration of the fundamental unity of all theistic faith and the actual identity

*Made to the Board of Directors at recent meeting.

of most of the vital heart faiths of Christendom. Creeds and rituals will always differ, while the infinite spirit incarnate in man, will always witness to goodness and purity and unselfish ministry, as the things really worth while, both within and without the church. This is the basic unity of real religion, as it was the one test Jesus made, "for by their fruits ye shall know them."

3. The practical co-operation of all religious forces in a campaign of righteousness unto individual and social redemption, the moral regeneration of the earth.

4. The culture of interdenominational comity for the elimination of waste and the diminution of friction, especially in over-churched communities where similar denominations are wasting missionary money and encouraging the most unchristian competition.

C. A. O.

By vote of the directors, Rev. L. D. Case, pastor of St. Paul's Universalist Church, Chicago, was made a member of the board in place of Rev. R. C. Bryant, formerly of Rockford, who has resigned from active work and is unable to serve us longer. All other officers were continued in office until a regular meeting which is to be held in Chicago in October, preparations for which are under way.

A Letter From Dr. Thomas

A letter has come from Mrs. Thomas (enclosing the regular contribution of one hundred dollars to the work of the Congress), which describes the very serious illness of Dr. Thomas. Just before the convention at Minneapolis, Dr. Thomas was taken violently ill and the telegram which he dictated to us at that time, "Kingdom never so near," seemed to those at his bedside almost personally prophetic. We are very glad to learn, however, that our dear friend and honored president has weathered the physical storm, chiefly as we think owing to the careful nursing of his good wife, and apparently is now on the road to much better health than he has enjoyed for many months. The physician advises against a northward trip this summer and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas will remain in their delightful cottage between the pines and the cooling gulf breezes, where we trust the full tide of health and all spiritual comfort shall surround them both.

DEFUNIAK SPRINGS, FLA.,
June 15, 1907.

DEAR FRIENDS: It is physically not possible to be with you, but my soul goes out in great love and hope. My physician says I will be better after this illness than for years past.

Forty years ago the theological world was quiescent, orthodoxy was enthroned. To question any dogma was to be suspicioned; to attempt any restatement meant trial for heresy.

Now all over Europe and in this country all these dogmas are freely discussed, not only by scholars, but by the people generally, and there is no power to stop it.

What does it all mean? An age of doubt and unbelief and irreligion? Certainly not, but a new awakening of the mind of man to the great questions of the higher and larger truths of the soul and God, in which there will be the profounder realization of each soul and in which faith will be a personal and united working of all for righteousness, world-peace and brotherhood in earth.

Here is the great field of the Congress of Religion in which all can unite. Souls are not saved by the little things over which the past has debated and divided, but by the eternal *realities of the real,* by working with and becoming like God. And such a faith grows stronger in doing the will of God. That was and is the real Christ-life, God in Christ, God in man.

God will bless you, dear brethren, in your great work of love. Affectionately, H. W. THOMAS.

The Church

Whatever else the church stands for, it ought surely to stand for the vision of life—for that large appeal to the imagination which shall inspire and sustain and strengthen us for all the strain and the friction which life entails. It is not the loss of the authority of the church of which we stand in fear; for the church throughout its history hitherto has claimed an authority and exercised prerogatives which cannot be permanently sustained. It is not the loss of its authority, but the loss of its inspiration—a prerogative as yet too little tested—of which we need have gravest concern.

And it is the willingness of men to withdraw from sources of uplift and inspiration which we must conceive to be the imminent peril of multitudes upon multitudes. So blind and heedless are men that they do not see that there is already many a church which has no ambition or desire to exercise authority, to dictate belief, or to control the details of conduct; which does aspire to illumine, and quicken, and inspire; to give some sense of the largeness of life; to quicken hope, and the joy of service, and the sense of the worth of life, and the value of human comradeship; and to quicken the capacity for faith, which one has nobly called "the sense and call of the open horizon; faith, which is the frailest thing we know, yet the least perishable, for it is a tongue of the central fire that burns at the heart of the world."

Now, the church which conceives its mission to be of such a character possesses the power of vision which can preserve and keep from perishing. May we not conceive our own mission to be such as this? And may we not make the response, and give the allegiance and support which such a mission invites?

If the fire upon the altar of the public life is to burn without dimness, it must be fed by the vestals of our hearts' purest faith and loyalty. And this is why we worship. This is the meaning and the power of the religious life. It is because life perishes without its visions, and because we cannot see the vision clearly in the marts and press of life, that we need such moments as these, and such a place as this. And to just the degree that our human life increases in complexity and range, its reasonable meaning pressing on us more and more, does there increase our need of vision and of uplift and of inspiration.

There is a symphony of Haydn's which bears the name of the "Farewell Symphony." It was played on the evening before Haydn said a sad good-bye to a scene of pleasant work. And it was arranged that as the symphony went on one player after another should stop playing, take up his musical instrument, his stand and candle, and go out. Thus one after another ceased and departed, the music growing fainter, the lights dimmer, until at last Haydn the master was left alone. Then, taking his stand and his leader's baton, he too went silently off the stage.

My friends, the hour has not yet come fo rthe farewell symphony of the religious life to be played. And it will never come. The hour cometh, and still is, when we may worship the Father in Spirit and in truth—in truth—with the homage of entire sincerity, and the allegiance of honest minds and undimmed vision. It is not opportune for any man to take his light and his instrument and depart. It is time rather to complete the ranks, to fill every empty chair in the orchestra, and to become eager and jubilant participants in the triumphal march which shall voice the hopes, the aspirations and the dreams of every human heart.—*F. E. D., in Christian Messenger.*

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

The French Troubles.

The French government has apparently succeeded in reëstablishing order in the southern wine-growing districts, and thus gives further proof of its stability. The provinces are undoubtedly in great distress, but it is only to a very small extent that the government can be held responsible for it, and it is hard to see how it can bring any remedy. A few years ago such an uprising would have meant danger of overthrow of the republic by royalists or Bonapartists, but today little is to be apprehended beyond a possible overthrow of the ministry. The only permanent remedy, of course, is a change in crops. The land can grow other things than the vine. But such a change is almost as difficult to bring about in that region as would be the giving up of cotton in Georgia.

The White Slave Trade.

Investigations in Chicago continue to bring to light instances of the working of the vile trade that supplies brothels. It is no new thing, it is a condition that always confronts us. A late instance is of a young woman who endeavored to entice her sister, sixteen years of age, into the life of shame which she herself was living. It is of importance that such facts be brought to attention, lest we grow hardened to the existence of evils for which we know no remedy. Some remedy there is and must be found. It will not be found as long as men generally are content with the merely occasional punishment in police courts of offenders who happen to get caught.

Unrest in Portugal.

Portugal has succeeded in bringing itself before the world's attention by a threatened revolution. The king dissolved the Cortes in May and has since governed by decree, making himself and his government intensely unpopular in consequence. The country has long had a fairly liberal constitution, but has suffered from a marvelous incapacity for government, as a result of which its internal development has been impossible. It has rich and varied resources, but port and other wine is its one great article of export, while its mineral resources are hardly touched and its manufactures are practically nil. Political unrest caused the high-handed action of the king and his prime minister, Franco, and the action of course promotes more unrest. The king himself is entitled to no respect; but it is open to question whether those who would overthrow him would give better results. The agitation is of interest not only for itself but for the effect it may have on the Portuguese possessions in West Africa, the last remains of a once great empire on which the great nations of Europe are impatient to foreclose.

The Haywood Trial.

During the past week the prosecution in the Haywood trial has completed its case, bringing in testimony confirming that of Orchard in a striking way. No man, however, should permit himself to form a definite conclusion without giving every chance to the other side to present the case to his mind. This may be trite, but it is none the less important to repeat. In this case it is not only Haywood who is on trial, but the whole Federation of Miners, and to some degree the whole cause of organized labor, for labor unions all over the country have in general declared their sympathy with the accused, contributing for his defense and demanding his acquittal. Should Haywood and the others be convicted it will be a blow to that extreme faction, always endeavoring to dominate the labor union movement, which considers that whatever helps the union or hurts its opponents is right, no matter what the law may be, to say nothing of morality. If the idea is brought home to unionists that others have rights which they are bound to respect it will help the labor cause as well as the general welfare.

The Hague Conference.

The peace conference at The Hague seems unlikely to accomplish great things, but is not to be thought of as useless. General Porter, on behalf of our country, has reserved the right to bring up later the question of the limitation of armaments to which Germany so strenuously objects; but it is not likely that anything definite will be accomplished on that crucial point at this conference. Yet to bring it within the realm of practical discussion is much. When that is done results are not far away. The establishment of the rule requiring a formal declaration of war before hostilities, and of international prize courts, and the regulation of the collection of national debts by force of arms, will be the principal questions for immediate determination. As the work is to be put into the hands of committees there will be little to report for some time to come.

A Large Dividend.

Adams Express Company declared last week an extra dividend in bonds of $24,000,000, or 200 per cent of its capital stock. To the public at large this fact will be sufficient proof that express rates need regulating as truly as freight rates, and will go a great way as an argument for the establishment of a parcels post.

An Act of International Justice.

President Roosevelt on the 17th notified the Chinese minister that, with the approval of Congress, the United States would relinquish the difference between its actual expenses in the Boxer revolt and what China had agreed to pay, amounting to $27,000,000. This is an act of simple justice, such as we should expect from any upright man in dealing with a similar condition; but it is in advance of ordinary international practice. It ought to go far toward assuring the Chinese government of our intention of fair dealing. It may also lead the way for similar action on the part of other nations, as the favor of China is becoming increasingly important from a commercial point of view. The Emperor William is said to be considering the relinquishment of his lease of the city of Kiao-Chow, which he holds as indemnity for the murder of two missionaries, but which has proved itself a heavy financial burden, as well as a constant thorn in the side of China. The city is sacred in Chinese eyes; to have it held by foreigners is to them what having Plymouth Rock held by foreigners would be to us.

The Fate of Train Robbers.

Train robbery has not been the successful form of crime that it has sometimes seemed. According to W. A. Pinkerton, in a recent address at Jamestown, more than two-thirds of the well-known train robbers have suffered violent deaths and many others have died of wounds or in prison. The impunity with which the crime has been committed so many times has not been lasting. The fashion for it, for there is fashion in crimes, seems to have passed,—forever let us hope. T. D. B.

Land Fraud Indictments in Denver.

Not a little excitement has been aroused by the Federal Grand Jury, which has been in session in Denver since May 14, investigating coal and timber frauds in Colorado and other western states. During the past week a "Land Convention" was held in Denver, with the avowed purpose of opposing the Administration policy. After a stormy session lasting three days a set of resolutions were adopted calling for radical changes in federal policy, but with the suspicion of being mostly a political and "graft" movement. As we go to press the report comes that the grand jury will return sixty or more indictments, including several Denver men, some of them millionaire railroad officials. Senator Warren, of Wyoming, and Senator Reed Smoot, of Utah, were among those who vigorously defended the Administration in the Land Convention.

Across the Line

Into the river of my life still flow
  Streams of delight from youth's unfailing springs:
  By every flower that blows and bird that sings
My heart is thrilled as in the long ago;
All aspirations youthful dreamers know—
  For Man—for self; the joy that service brings;
  Faith without folly—honors void of stings;
These quenchless orbs still keep my skies aglow.
Mine also the amazement of the child
  At War's persistent shame—earth's sorrow old;
    And at men's strife to hoard, who need but bread.
O rills of blessedness divinely mild,
  Into my being's tide perpetual rolled!
    From your sweet founts no stain, no grief, I dread.

JAMES H. WEST.

The little worries which we meet each day
May lie as stumbling-blocks across our way,
Or we may make them stepping-stones to be
Of grace, O Lord, to thee.

—A. E. Hamilton.

THE HOME

(Contributions for this department should be sent to Mrs. William Kent, 5112 Kimbark avenue, Chicago.)

Helps To High Living

SUN.—The true thrift is always to spend on the higher plane.
MON.—He is the rich man in whom the people are rich, and he is the poor man in whom the people are poor.
TUES.—Man is made equal to every event. He can face danger for the right.
WED.—If we meet no gods, it is because we harbor none.
THURS.—Work is victory. Wherever work is done victory is obtained.
FRI.—'Tis the fine souls who serve us, and not what is called fine society.
SAT.—Every spirit makes its house, and we can give a shrewd guess from the house to the inhabitant. —*Emerson.*

The Toys

My little son, who look'd from thoughtful eyes
And moved and spoke in quiet, grown-up wise,
Having my law the seventh time disobey'd,
I struck him, and dismiss'd
With hard words and unkiss'd,
His mother, who was patient, being dead.
Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
I visited his bed,
But found him slumbering deep,
With darken'd eyelids and their lashes yet
From his late sobbing wet.
And I, with moan,
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own;
For, on a table drawn beside his head,
He had put, within his reach,
A box of counters and a red-vein'd stone,
A piece of glass abraded by the beach,
And six or seven shells,
A bottle with bluebells,
And two French copper coins, ranged there with careful art,
To comfort his sad heart.
So when that night I pray'd
To God, I wept and said:
"Ah, when at last we lie with tranced breath,
Not vexing thee in death,
And thou rememberest of what toys
We made our joys,
How weakly understood
Thy great commanded good,
Then, fatherly not less
Than I whom thou hast molded from the clay,
Thou'lt leave thy wrath and say:
'I will be sorry for their childishness.'" —*C. Patmore.*

Old Age

It is too late! Ah! nothing is too late, till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate.

Cato learned Greek at 80; Sophocles wrote his grand Oedipus, and Simonides bore off the prize of verse from his confreres, when each had lived more than four score years, and Theophrastus at four score and ten had but begun his "Characters of Men."

Chaucer at Woodstock with the nightingales at sixty wrote the "Canterbury Tales." Goethe's Wiemar toiling to the last completed "Faust" when 80 years were past.

What then! shall we sit idly down and say,
"The Night hath come, it is no longer day?
The Night hath *not* yet come,
We are not quite cut off from Labor by the failing Light:
Something remains for us to do or dare,
Even the oldest trees some fruit may bear.
For Age is Opportunity no less than Youth itself though in another dress.
And as the Evening Twilight fades away,
The sky is filled with stars Invisible by Day."
—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

The Old Camp Meeting

"It is good," said a bright woman, "to be young and feel young; young enough to be in sympathy with modern progress, and yet to be old enough to remember the old camp-meeting as it was before the innovations, and to have known it from the inside.

"In those days there were no flaming handbills, no 'gate receipts,' no excursion trains. The camp-meeting we knew belonged to the life of the people, and was a normal expression of their religious feeling.

"It came each year after the harvest, and before the frost. We looked forward to it all the year. It was there that we learned the new hymns we were to sing all the year, till the next camp-meeting. There we would meet old friends; there we would hear great preachers. It was our Chautauqua assembly, our intellectual and social and religious Feast of Tabernacles.

"Yes, I know it is the custom to make fun of it, and I do not forget that there were oddities and excesses; but these were largely in the life of the people, and not wholly to be charged to the meeting. The things which appear in the ordinary descriptions of those occasions are not the ones that I remember. The noise and fanaticism were not the whole of the meeting; there was much that was different.

"Our family was one of the most active in the preparations for the meeting. We always went to 'the cleaning' the week before. The brush was cut away from the grounds, the spring was dug out, the 'tents' were scrubbed, and all was got ready. Two or three neighboring farmers drew over a load of straw each, and we filled the beds; and as we worked we planned and talked.

"The tents were really slab cabins, for the most part, and were located round a hollow square. There were a few tents that had three or even four rooms. Ours had only two, as most of them had; but to this day I have satisfaction in remembering that ours was in the front row.

"Such cooking as there was the week before! Such ironing and starching and packing! And what excitement as we loaded all into the wagon and jolted off to the camp-ground, getting our own tent settled, and watching and greeting the later arrivals as they came! And what appetites we had! And what cooking! Fried chicken never was so good. Hot biscuits and corn bread melted in one's mouth, with the butter spread upon them. And as for the hoe-cakes and buckwheats, how they disappeared in the ham gravy and maple-syrup!

"We were long in getting to sleep the first night and early to waken in the morning. How many birds there were in the woods! How early they began to sing! And soon as we were at work getting breakfast we would hear some one singing, as she fried the bacon:

"'A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify.'

"The ordinary short-meter tunes do very well for indoors, but for the early morning at camp-meeting the old tune 'Kentucky' is the tune that fits. We would begin humming it, and others would do the same, and soon there was singing all round the camp, and the song prepared our hearts for the meeting.

"There were preachers from round home, and preachers from abroad, and once a real bishop. The seats were hard and rough and backless, and the sermons were many, and long, and some of them, I doubt not, crude enough. And the things that amuse modern flippant writers were doubtless in evidence. But we knew lives that were changed and hopes that were revived. We knew the friendships renewed and the new songs learned. And all the year through we had something to remember and something to look forward to.

"So I say it is good still to feel young, and to belong to a generation with more years to live and with hopes and ideals of the present, and still to remember, not the oddities and extravagances, but the social and intellectual and spiritual benefits of the good old-fasioned camp-meetings."—*The Youth's Companion.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes

MISS HOBHOUSE IN SWITZERLAND.—From England Miss Hobhouse went to Switzerland that she might personally express, in several of the Swiss cities, her gratitude for the continued and generous support the Swiss have given to her work in South Africa, and particularly for the invaluable gift of the Swiss spinning wheels. Professor Baumgartner's report of her visit to Zurich, published in the *Neue Zuercher Zeitung*, cannot fail to interest friends of her cause in this country.

Miss Hobhouse, he says, a tall, distinguished figure and winning personality, behind whose refined and quiet bearing no one would have looked for such determination and persistence as she has displayed, spoke essentially as follows:

"First of all let me express to our dear Swiss friends our deepest, warmest thanks for the rich gifts in money and spinning wheels, which have so immeasurably advanced our work and without which it would have been lost like a stream in desert sands. Other countries have remembered us, but Switzerland above all, thanks to a touching sympathy among the Swiss people for the poor Boers.

"What is the condition of our enterprise at present? It has so far succeeded that today three hundred Boers make their living by it and that its existence is no longer in danger. What, then, is the nature of the work that we offer to Boer women and girls? In connection with the wool alone there is a whole series of employments — cleaning, picking, washing and dyeing; also the collecting of plants and preparing of dyes. Finally the main thing, the spinning, and in connection with that the utilizing of the yarn for knitting and weaving dress materials, bed and traveling rugs, sporting jackets, etc. We have two centers of activity, two schools or "factories" — the Transvaal school, formerly at Langlaate, now transferred to Bellevue, near Johannesburg, and a second in the Free State, at Philippolis. The former is devoted primarily to the training of teachers, traveling teachers destined to diffuse the arts of spinning and weaving from new centers in various parts of the country. These prospective teachers spend at least six months at the school. Their expenses are paid by scholarships and the contributions of individuals and churches. These girls learn also the business side of the work (bookkeeping and correspondence). The school at Philippolis is the center for spinning and knitting. There the period of instruction is shorter and the work simpler. The aim of this school is the transplanting of the industry into the family, the home. We already have now about one hundred and twenty spinners in the neighborhood of Philippolis, a fine start toward a network of spinners to cover the whole land. When this is achieved our aim will be attained—introducing a useful industry into every home and qualifying the people themselves to turn the wool of their sheep into money. The work is very popular; in but a single instance has a girl left and not come back again. The course here is but three months. Those who stay longer are paid; after the sixth month the girls are paid by the piece. On returning to the farm they continue to spin and knit and teach the new art to other members of the family. They cannot weave, because we we need the looms at the factory.

"We are still to a certain extent in the experimental stage, trying to find the easiest method of manufacture for our wool. The South African wool is so coarse that weaving it seemed at first an impossibility. We succeeded beyond our expectations, but the woven dress goods are very heavy and hence unpracticable, because the Boers are not accustomed to wear heavier goods in winter but only more underclothing. We hope, however, that we may be able to accustom them to winter dresses. Our girls now like to wear large mantles, or capes, of their own weaving. We go on the principle of manufacturing what is easiest to make and what is most likely to be used and sold at home. In the school at Bellevue we also devote ourselves to art weaving and make draperies, Persian rugs and things of that sort.

"It must not be forgotten that this work, aside from its utility, has a very beneficial influence on the rising generation. The Boers are deliberate and not accustomed to regular and continuous application, nor to exact work, which, if the directions or the patterns be not followed, must be taken out and done over. Hence the educational value of our in-

Just Issued

A handsome and attractive volume bound in navy blue cloth with red and white lettering and a United States Flag on the back comes from the press of the UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY this week bearing the title

Mother Bickerdyke As I Knew Her

Many UNITY readers who saw the serial articles by Mrs. Florence Shaw Kellogg, published in these columns last year, will welcome the publication in book form of a most interesting and painstaking narrative of the inspiring service of this noble woman, as it is given by her intimate friend. The value of the book is greatly increased by the introduction by Jenkin Lloyd Jones —who was one of Mother Bickerdyke's hospital boys—and by an appendix describing the National Monument, recently erected at Galesburg, Illinois, together with fine portraits of Mrs. Bickerdyke and of the monument, and pictures of the two houses in which Mother Bickerdyke was born and died.

The book is ordinary 12mo in size and contains 176 pages and will be sent postpaid by the publishers for 75c.

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dustry, which Messrs. Steyn and Fraser rate even higher than its economic value. The natural deliberateness of the people is one of the difficulties that we have to contend with. It results from the climate, which is very trying and makes the people old early—level-headed but slow in action. Another disadvantage lies in the great distances, which involve heavy transportation charges and take the girls so far away, when they leave us, that we lose sight of them. Further, we have to be very careful to see that the work continues to be held in honor. We must see to it that the wives and daughters of the best families themselves weave and spin. This is very essential in a country where whites and blacks live together. If we should let the idea get abroad that weaving and spinning were common sort of work there would be an end to our success. Fortunately, thanks to the generous aid, which in our time of greatest difficulty put so many precious heirlooms at our disposal—for as such the Swiss spinning wheels must be considered—our work is now so far advanced that it will neither die out nor come to a standstill. If we were to drop it tomorrow it would still develop of itself, only we could not then expect the finest results. We want to keep the ideals high and not rest content with mediocre achievements, so that we can surrender the work with honor when the government gets ready to take it up. I repeat that what we are doing is appreciated by the people and its leaders. It is an inspiring and blessed activity. I only regret that I cannot show you samples, but it involved too much to bring such with me.''

* * *

In response to questions at the close of her address Miss Hobhouse stated that no support was to be expected from the English government as such, though some members of it would aid the work as individuals; the South African government, on the contrary, would, they hoped, take over the work, perhaps about a year from now.

To the suggestion of a possible Swiss market for their goods, she replied that all found a ready market locally; that, in fact, the demand was greater than the supply; the cities were eager for their goods and they had rented a show window in Johannesburg, but had at present little to display in it.

Miss Hobhouse was accompanied by her devoted friend and relative, the Countess Asinelli, known to the Swiss as the ''Lady of the Spinning Wheels.''

Professor Baumgartner closes his article with the well-founded prophecy that the time will come when the name of Emily Hobhouse will be spoken with admiration and when it will be said: ''The Boer people owe to her their happiness and their comparative prosperity.''

M. E. H.

New Orleans.—N. O. Nelson writes in *Fellowship* for December of ''The Kingdom of Heaven in New Orleans,'' as realized in ''one of the best social settlements I know of. It is a home-grown product. The head resident is a Louisiana plantation girl and the other four are daughters of the South.* * * The neighborhood is the worst I know of. The people are the poorest from the warm climates of the world.'' Mr. Nelson further describes this settlement work as occupying three old frame buildings and a modest little yard which has been put into well appearing order. The residents have established intimate relations with the life of the neighborhood, and the children of the neighborhood, 500 in number, have organized a ''full fledged municipality'' that elects officers weekly and issues a four-page paper giving proceedings and news. They ''govern with precision.'' Truly, a stimulating example.

Literature by the Bushel.

The abundant and vigorous, but haphazard, intellectual activity of New York results, like the haphazard building of the city, in much that is grotesque. The big, sprawling, ill-balanced New York Sunday paper, for instance, is the most perfect conceivable expression and emblem of intellectual incoherence; and along with the Sunday paper have sprung up a number of magazines which are likewise indifferent to literary form, and which have succeeded, incredible as it may seem, in outdoing the Sunday papers in scrappiness. Indeed, one of these bewildering publications advertises not only the number of pages, but the number of words—why not also the number of letters?—it contains. Now the man, woman or child does not exist who can read week in and week out, month in and month out, year in and year out, such a motley array of totally unrelated facts as the Sunday papers and these magazines provide, without becoming afflicted ultimately with locomotor ataxia of the mind through the gradual loss of the power to coördinate ideas. Reading that thus disintegrates the reasoning faculties is several degrees worse than no reading at all.—*A. F. Sanborn, in the October Atlantic.*

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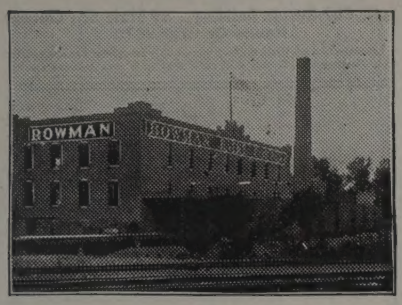

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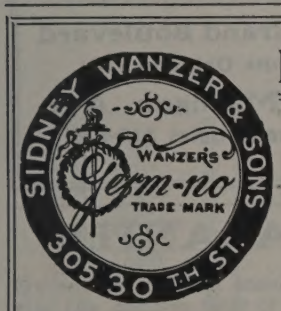

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